



Thursdays at Noon  
presents  
**Music and Poetry**  
Thursday, March 7, 2002  
12:10 pm. Walter Hall

Benjamin Britten  
(1913-1976)

**Songs and Proverbs of William Blake, op. 74**

The pride of the Peacock...London  
Prisons are built...The Chimney Sweeper  
The bird a nest...A Poison Tree  
Think in the morning...The Tyger  
The tygers of wrath...The Fly  
The hours of folly...Ah, Sun-flower  
To see a World...Every Night & every Morn

Matthew Leigh, *baritone*  
John Hawkins, *piano*

Prof. Eric Domville will introduce the Hawkins and Ravel works.

John Hawkins  
(born 1944)

**Long-legged Fly (2001)\***  
(poem by W. B. Yeats)

Matthew Leigh, *baritone*  
Nathan Simington and Christine Choi, *violins*  
Katharine Rapoport, *viola*  
Ariel Barnes, *cello*  
Devon Fornelli, *marimba*

Maurice Ravel  
(1875-1937)

**Don Quichotte à Dulcinée**  
(poems by Paul Morand)

Chanson romanesque  
Chanson épique  
Chanson à boire

Matthew Leigh, *baritone*  
John Hawkins, *piano*

\*first performance

## Meet the Artists

Baritone **MATTHEW LEIGH** received his Mus. Bac. in vocal performance from the Faculty of Music, U. of T. in 2000. He continues to study voice with Patricia Kern while focusing on the German Romantic Lieder repertoire.

**ERIC DOMVILLE** is a Professor Emeritus of English at the University of Toronto. His main scholarly activity has focused on the life and works of W.B. Yeats. He also has a longstanding interest in relationships between words and music both in art song and in opera. He will offer a course in French opera in Spring 2002 and one on Wagner's Ring Cycle in Fall of 2002. Both courses will be given in the Continuing Education Division of St. Michael's College, U. of T.

Composer and pianist **JOHN HAWKINS** has organized the Music and Poetry lecture/concert series since 1994. The series focuses on vocal music of the twentieth century. So far, over 45 works by 23 different composers have been performed including a number of works that Hawkins has written especially for the series. Last December, Hawkins' **Summerdances**, for clarinet solo, winds and percussion received its Russian premiere in Saratov; Peter Stoll was the soloist and Stephen Chenette conducted the wind band.

## SONGS AND PROVERBS OF WILLIAM BLAKE

### *Proverb I*

The pride of the peacock is the glory of God.  
The lust of the goat is the bounty of God.  
The wrath of the lion is the wisdom of God.  
The nakedness of woman is the work of God.

### LONDON

I wander thro' each charter'd street,  
Near where the charter'd Thames does flow  
And mark in every face I meet  
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every Man,  
In every Infants cry of fear,  
In every voice, in every ban,  
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear.

How the Chimney-sweeper's cry  
Every black'ning Church appalls,  
And the hapless Soldier's sigh  
Runs in blood down Palace walls.

But most thro' midnight streets I hear  
How the youthful Harlot's curse  
Blasts the new-born Infants tear  
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse.

### *Proverb II*

Prisons are built with stones of Law,  
Brothels with bricks of Religion.

### THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER

A little black thing among the snow,  
Crying 'weep 'weep in notes of woe!  
Where are thy mother and father? say?  
They are both gone up to the church to pray.

Because I was happy upon the heath,  
And smil'd among the winter's snow  
They clothed me in the clothes of death,  
And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

And because I am happy and dance and sing  
They think they have done me no injury,  
And are gone to praise God and his Priest and King  
Who make up a heaven of our misery.

### ***Proverb III***

The bird a nest, the spider a web, man friendship.

### **A POISON TREE**

I was angry with my friend:  
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.  
I was angry with my foe:  
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I water'd it in fears,  
Night and morning with my tears;  
And I sunned it with smiles,  
And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night,  
Till it bore an apple bright.  
And my foe beheld it shine,  
And he knew that it was mine.

And into my garden stole  
When the night had veil'd the pole,  
In the morning glad I see  
My foe outstretch'd beneath the tree.

### ***Proverb IV***

Think in the morning. Act in the noon.  
Eat in the evening. Sleep in the night.



## THE TYGER

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright  
In the forests on the night:  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? what dread grasp  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,  
And water'd heaven with their tears,  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did he who made the lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright  
In the forests of the night:  
What immortal hand or eye  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

### *Proverb V*

The tigers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction.  
If the fool would persist in his folly he would become wise.  
If others had not been foolish, we should be so.

## THE FLY

Little Fly,  
Thy summer's play  
My thoughtless hand  
Has brush'd away.

Am not I  
A fly like thee?  
Or art not thou  
A man like me?

For I dance  
And drink and sing:  
Till some blind hand  
Shall brush my wing.

If thought is life  
And strength and breath  
And the want  
Of thought is death;

Then am I  
A happy fly,  
If I live,  
Or if I die.

***Proverb VI***

The hours of folly are measur'd by the clock;  
but of wisdom, no clock can measure.  
The busy bee has no time for sorrow.  
Eternity is in love with the productions of time.

**AH, SUN-FLOWER**

Ah, Sun-flower! weary of time,  
Who countest the steps of the sun;  
Seeking after that sweet golden clime,  
Where the traveller's journey is done:

Where the Youth pined away with desire,  
And the pale Virgin shrouded in snow,  
Arise from their graves and aspire  
Where my Sun-flower wishes to go.

*Proverb VII*

To see a World in a Grain of Sand,  
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower,  
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,  
And Eternity in an hour.

**EVERY NIGHT AND EVERY MORN**

Every Night and every Morn  
Some to Misery are Born.  
Every Morn and every Night  
Some are Born to sweet delight.  
Some are Born to sweet delight,  
Some are Born to Endless Night.  
We are led to Believe a Lie  
When we see not Thro' the Eye,  
Which was Born in a Night, to perish in a Night,  
When the Soul Slept in Beams of Light.  
God Appears and God is Light  
To those poor Souls who dwell in Night,  
But does a Human Form Display  
To those who Dwell in Realms of Day.

William Blake (1757-1827)

## LONG-LEGGED FLY

That civilisation may not sink,  
Its great battle lost,  
Quiet the dog, tether the pony  
To a distant post;  
Our master Caesar is in the tent  
Where the maps are spread,  
His eyes fixed upon nothing,  
A hand under his head.  
*Like a long-legged fly upon the stream*  
*His mind moves upon silence.*

That the topless towers be burnt  
And men recall that face,  
Move most gently if move you must  
In this lonely place.  
She thinks, part woman, three parts a child,  
That nobody looks; her feet  
Practise a tinker shuffle  
Picked up on a street.  
*Like a long-legged fly upon the stream*  
*Her mind moves upon silence.*

That girls at puberty may find  
The first Adam in their thought,  
Shut the door of the Pope's chapel,  
Keep those children out.  
There on the scaffolding reclines  
Michael Angelo.  
With no more sound than the mice make  
His hand moves to and fro.  
*Like a long-legged fly upon the stream*  
*His mind moves upon silence.*

W.B. Yeats (1865-1939)



## DON QUICHOTTE À DULCINÉE

### *Chanson romanesque*

Si vous me disiez que la terre  
A tant tourner vous offensa,  
Je lui dépêcherais Pança:  
Vous la verriez fixe et se taire.

Si vous me disiez que l'ennui  
Vous vient du ciel trop fleuri d'astres,  
Déchirant les divins cadastres,  
Je faucherais d'un coup la nuit.

Si vous me disiez que l'espace  
Ainsi vidé ne vous plaît point,  
Chevalier-dieu, la lance au poing,  
J'étoilerais le vent qui passe.

Mais si vous disiez que mon sang  
Est plus à moi qu'à vous, ma Dame,  
Je blêmerais dessous le blâme  
Et je mourrais, vous bénissant.

### *Chanson épique*

Bon Saint Michel qui me donnez loisir  
De voir ma Dame et de l'entendre,  
Bon Saint Michel qui me daignez choisir  
Pour lui complaire et la défendre,  
Bon Saint Michel veuillez descendre  
Avec Saint Georges sur l'autel  
De la Madone au bleu mantel.

D'un rayon du ciel bénissez ma lame  
Et son égale en pureté  
Et son égale en piété  
Comme en pudeur et chasteté:  
Ma Dame,

(Ô grands Saint Georges et Saint Michel)  
L'ange qui veille sur ma veille,  
Ma douce Dame si pareille  
À Vous, Madone au bleu mantel!  
Amen.

Were you to tell me that the earth  
Offended you with so much turning,  
I would dispatch Panza straight to it:  
You would see it motionless and silent.

Were you to tell me that the sky  
Bored you with its myriad of stars,  
Tearing apart the divine order,  
I would strike down the night with one blow.

Were you to tell me that space  
Thus emptied did not please you,  
God-like Knight, lance in hand,  
I would stud the passing wind with stars.

But were you to tell me that my blood  
Belongs more to myself than to you, my Lady,  
I would pale beneath your disapproval  
And I would die, blessing you.

Good Saint Michael who gives me liberty  
To see my Lady and to hear her,  
Good Saint Michael who deigns to choose me  
To please her and to defend her,  
Good Saint Michael I pray you descend  
With Saint George upon the altar  
Of the Madonna in the blue mantel.

With a beam from heaven bless my sword  
And its equal in purity  
And its equal in piety  
As in modesty and chastity:  
My Lady,

(Ô great Saint George and Saint Michael)  
The angel who watches over my vigil,  
My gentle Lady so resembling  
You, Madonna in the blue mantel!  
Amen.

*Chanson à boire*

Foin du bâtard, illustre Dame,  
Qui pour me perdre à vos doux yeux  
Dit que l'amour et le vin vieux  
Mettent en deuil mon coeur, mon âme!

Je bois à la joie!  
La joie est le seul but  
Où je vais droit...lorsque j'ai bu!

Foin du jaloux, brune maîtresse,  
Qui geind, qui pleure et fait serment  
D'être toujours ce pâle amant  
Qui met de l'eau dans son ivresse!

Je bois à la joie!  
La joie est le seul but  
Où je vais droit...lorsque j'ai bu!

A pox on that bastard, illustrious Lady,  
Who to shame me in your sweet eyes  
Says that love and old wine  
Bring misery to my heart, my soul!

I drink to joy!  
Joy is the one goal  
To which I go straightway...when I've drunk!

A pox on that jealous fool, dark-haired mistress,  
Who whines, who weeps and swears an oath  
Ever to be this pallid lover  
Who waters down his intoxication.

I drink to joy!  
Joy is the one goal  
To which I go straightway...when I've drunk!

Paul Morand (1888-1976)